

The ADAMS FAMILY



BLUEY BLASTED
TERRY'S PRIZE PICS

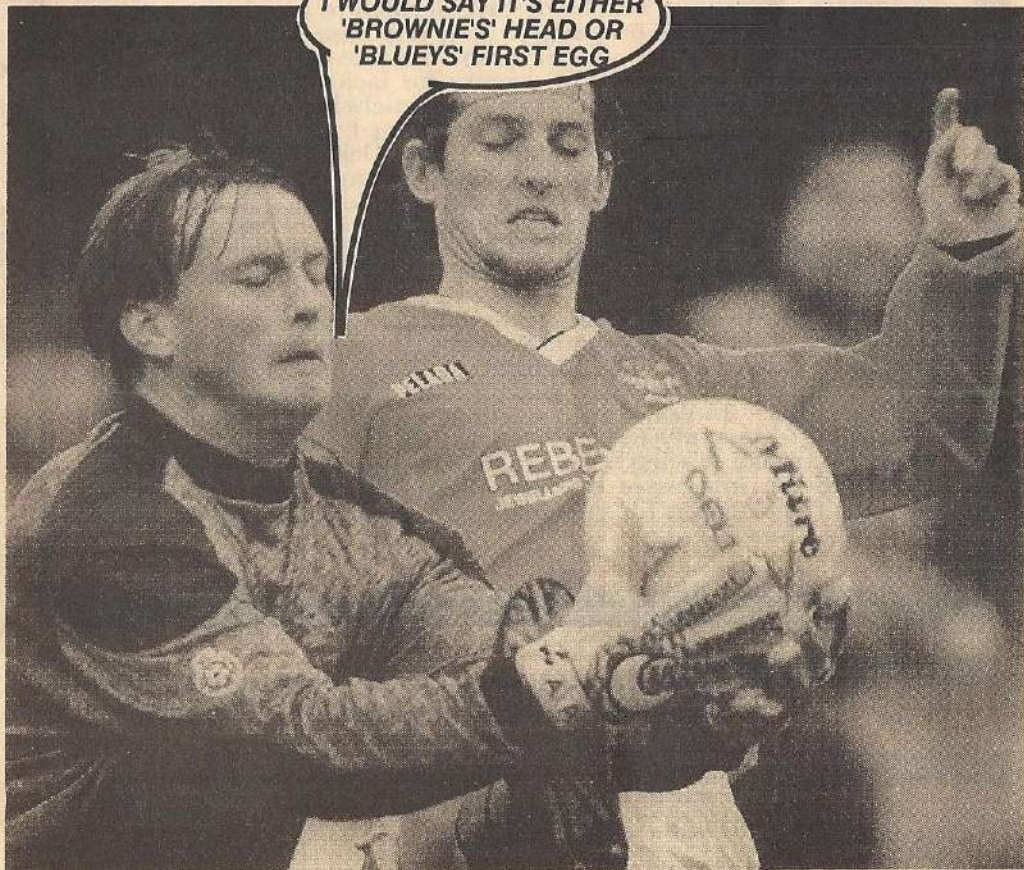
PLUS

ALL THE
REGULAR
FAVOURITES



REGIS
SPEAKS
TO TAF

WELL AT A GUESS
I WOULD SAY IT'S EITHER
'BROWNIE'S' HEAD OR
'BLUEYS' FIRST EGG



WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

The ADAMS FAMILY

P.O. BOX 394, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS HP13 6HT

EDITORIAL

"All good things come to those who wait", as Socrates was oft heard to say. Yes, TAF is back after a 5 month sojourn in the periodical wilderness, which we have decided to put down neither to the recession, nor printing strikes, nor base rate rises, but to leaves on the track. Well, giant soon-to-be-privatised state monopolies can use that as an excuse for lack of service, so why shouldn't we in our own market-covering niche?

Still, to football, and much has happened since Issue 15 in September, most of it pretty damn fine. Despite the occasional lapse, the mentality of the squad is such that we often bounce back straightaway before an infamous 'dodgy run' sets in. In fact, it is a true measure of how far Wycombe have come in the last few years, that a match of the magnitude of the West Ham game came and went with little fuss or bother - this of course would have been different had we won!

Anyhow, most of the last few months' events are covered somewhere in here, and if not you can do something about it by writing in with articles and pictures, as these are what we need to survive! Inside this issue we wave a tear-ridden farewell to Willy Procter after 3 years' of sterling medicinal guidance and counselling - not only has he been struck off the FA's list, but is currently on bail, having been caught exposing himself on the Rye, screaming the innocence of Fred West. You'll also find,...well, why don't you read it for yourself? Stay loyal, and urge the Blues on to Div.1.

CONTRIBUTORS: Andrew Dickinson, Jon Dickinson, Floyd, Neil Peters, Douglas Peters & Dave Chapman

OUTLETS: Wycombe Wines, Crendon Street, High Wycombe. Scorpion Records, London Road, High Wycombe. Sportspages, Charring X Road, London.

Thanks to BFP for pics, Star for use of macs, Cyrille for his time and being a star.

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TERRACE TATTLE

Well here we are again after our mid-season break, refreshed, tanned and gagging for action. I'll not offer any lame excuses for TAF's lack of appearance this season but I bet old chums such as Adrian Wood are delighted to have us back !

It's been a long time since our last issue which coincided with the Brentford game, after all, do you still remember Justin Skinner ? Although we've slipped to 6th recently it's mainly due to the fact that sunshine and clear skies seem to have given up on any part of the UK that Wycombe visit. I'm sure we've not had a clement Saturday for ages, just lagging rain and howling wind. The only time I really remember the Saturday weather is when I'm stood on the streets selling this rubbish, and I'm sure for the first 10 issues or so the day was always perfect. However for the last 5 it's been positively grim, maybe it's some sort of comment but I personally put it down to global warming. Hey kids, when I were a nipper the sun used to shine all day and we'd play outside, not stuck in a pokey bedroom with a Sega Mega-Drive..... and we were happy ! Talking of technology, the word is that the printed word will soon be obsolete, replaced by the "Information highway" the

Internet. Now I'm sure all 16 year old computer bores will be laughing at this, in the same way I laughed at my dad when he couldn't understand how to programme a video recorder, but I just don't see the attraction of reading a magazine or newspaper on a telly screen. I'm afraid CEEFAX is about as technical as I get, but could the day be far away when TAF is available on the net?

Mind you who really gives a flying one, lets talk footy. The blues are certainly well placed to make an impression on the places that count at the end of the season, and hopefully this enforced mid-season break will send the players out of the trap faster than "Runnymede Chief" (See Diary).

The most marvellous moment of recent times was the 2-0 victory over Oxford United. Now the TAF clan contains one young chap who is easily taken in by tales of "Firms" and "Service Crews". In reality today's firms are a bunch of zitty school kids strutting about with baggy, crotchless pepe jeans and a solitary Benson and Hedges behind the ear, but the lad in question still believes every pub conversation on the subject.

Henceforth we were told in no uncertain terms that if we wanted a lift there were to be "No colours". By time the Manor Ground was reached the tension was unbelievable but there weren't even any kids trying to look hard. Now I'm not upset

about the fact it was a peaceful event, but If I ever meet another resident of Oxford who tries to claim there fans are nutters I shall tell them that their fans are in fact boring nonentities, much like their team. I'm sure everyone present will be as equally amazed as I am that Paul Moody has scored one goal this season, let alone sixteen. How this lumbering sack of spuds has managed that number is a mystery as large as why people find "Catchphrase" host Roy Walker witty.

Another treat was the away trip to Blackpool, and a chance to make a real weekend of it. Naturally being so poorly organised the TAF brigade travelled up and back on the same day and missed out on all the "Kiss me Quick" hats and other assorted paraphernalia. This game was the first Wycombe game attended by a colleague of ours who knows as much about the game as Matthew Lorenzo. Asked at the final whistle for her thoughts she commented that the football was alright, but the lads sniffing Amyl Nitrate were far more entertaining !!! All these years and still you miss what's right under your nose (No pun intended). By the way if any Wycombe fan staying in Blackpool ever went to "The Tangerine Club" adjacent to the ground could they contact us with a view to our future publication "Nightclubs that are even worse than the Orchard".

In the previous instalment of this

column I discussed the merits of 1170am's live commentary. So chuffed were the powers that be at the radio station that lives on the edge that they tried to buy advertising space in TAF. Now we're not into adverts and sponsorship, indeed you will notice that the two ad's carried in this issue are for our stockists, but 1170 took it very seriously. "Dear Advertising Manager," they wrote, (yes we really have given up our day jobs and live like millionaires on our TAF income) and proceeded to ask for rates for an advert taking up the whole of the front page. Now I've just turned 1170 on and they are currently playing "Daniel" by Elton John and if you think TAF will go along with that you are much mistaken. In fact Alan Hutchinson and Lee Turnbull apart 1170 is a bloody disgrace and probably the reason that house prices in the Wycombe area have failed to rise in line with the national average, condemning thousands to years

of negative equity !

Finally I couldn't go without mentioning the antics of Eric Cantona. Now I, like many other fair minded individuals, hate United and their army of sad fans whose only connection with Manchester is the fact that they watch Coronation Street. Add to that the players themselves, everyone of them a sour faced whiner who seem to think the opposition should just stand back and let them play. Of course you can't go leaping into the stands as a player, but if you're going to do it you might as well inflict some pain on a horrible little ginger haired cockney who has previous convictions for assault. Incidentally, will Ian St. John revise his statement that the Jason Cousins lunge was the worst thing he'd seen in football ? Of course not, it didn't happen in the Endsleigh so it probably didn't happen at all ! Cheers.

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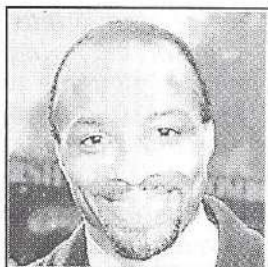
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IN CONVERSATION

The one, the only, the great Cyrille Regis said yes to a chat with The Adams Family. What should we ask him? What could we ask him and what did we ask him? Read on and find out more about Wycombe's Golden oldie.

DO YOU THINK THIS WILL BE THE LAST CLUB YOU WILL PLAY FOR IN THE PROFESSIONAL GAME?

I don't know, I'm very optimistic that another club will come in for me, but it's not the end of the world if they don't. The older you get the harder it is to find the right sort of club which is why it's so great to be at Wycombe. Now after 18yrs the choice of club will get fewer and fewer but I'll find a club somewhere, whether it's playing for The Green Man pub team.



YOU STARTED OFF AT NON LEAGUE LEVEL WITH HAYES. WOULD YOU GO BACK DOWN TO THAT LEVEL?

It depends if the club's ambitious and progressive. You find if the clubs not going anywhere and its mundane you can get sucked into that atmosphere and just tick along. Then within six months you're dying to get out the game, so it would have to be ambitious with a lot of drive to keep you going and as I said at the moment that's Wycombe.

HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED RETIRING WHETHER IT'S THROUGH INJURY OR LACK OF PASSION?

I've never really had a bad injury. This season before I came here I was a bit low, nothing was happening on the team front so I did my coaching badge. Maybe if a team hadn't come in for me I would have started coaching or management somewhere.

HOW DID YOUR MOVE TO WYCOMBE COME TOGETHER, AND DID ANY OTHER CLUBS APPROACH YOU?

Yes other clubs did approach me, Brighton, Northampton and Wigan but just for loan periods. Martin offered me a year contract, he had faith in me. Northampton asked me to go down for just a week.

WHAT DID YOU KNOW ABOUT WYCOMBE BEFORE YOU CAME HERE?

Only what I had seen on the TV. My first game for Hayes as a semi pro was against Wycombe at Loakes park. I knew Wycombe were a good cup side and going places. A club on the up attracts players.

HOW DOES THE WYCOMBE SET UP COMPARE TO OTHERS YOU HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH AT THE TOP LEVEL?

Very well. It's a good ground with good fans and the club works hard behind the scenes. Obviously there's a long way to go but it's all going at the right pace.

DO YOU THINK WYCOMBE WILL DO A WIMBLEDON?

First you have to look at the finances. Andy Cole goes for 7 million, compare that to our biggest signing. It's hard to do. The way Wimbledon did it was by getting good players and selling them off to make money, because they have never had the crowds.

WHO'S THE BEST PLAYER YOU HAVE PLAYED WITH AND AGAINST?

Bryan Robson is the most complete player I have played with. He was never abundantly skilful in one area but consistant in all. In terms of vision and passing no-one is as good as Glenn Hoddle. And as for the hardest player there's two sorts. The physical player who bundles you around then there's Alan Hansen who in terms of thought can trick you, twist you then ping the ball 30yds. Hansens not that physical but he is the hardest player I have played against. How he didn't get more caps for Scotland I don't know.

IS THERE A CLUB YOU WISHED YOU HAD PLAYED FOR?

Well as a lad I was a Spurs fan, but not really. I didn't really go to a big club (Villa) until I was 33 and looking back I wonder had I gone to a big club at 22-23 the expectancy level would have drawn more out of me. Everyone expects more and you can really push your ability to the full. Everyday at Villa was a performance.

WHAT IS YOUR FINEST MEMORY IN FOOTBALL?

Winning the F.A. Cup with Coventry. Especially as in the first two years there I hadn't played that well, but with help from the players and management I managed to pull that round. That team spirit was amazing, a lot of character. We were not individually great players but team spirit counts for a lot, it's a vital element.

APART FROM COVENTRY LOSING TO SUTTON IN THE F.A. CUP WHAT'S YOUR BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT?

There's more lows than highs in football but when the highs come they're worth all the lows. Thinking about it I was playing quite well in 81-82 and I got in the England squad just before the Spain World Cup. I was playing my last domestic game of the season at home against Leeds when I pulled a hamstring. I battled back to fitness and played for England in Iceland, my leg pulled again and I was unable to be selected for the world cup squad. I think I may have gone so that was a major disappointment.

OUT OF FOOTBALL WHAT DO YOU GET UP TO AND DO YOU PLAY GOLF?

Well I'm a dad and that takes a lot of my time. I did play golf until I came home to find my boys in the garage with my clubs. They had chipped and bent them, so I stopped. I never really enjoyed it much anyway.

AFTER PLAYING DO YOU INTEND TO STAY IN THE GAME?

Yes, in some sort of capacity. I've been told by many ex-pros to keep playing for as long as I can. Coaching and Management are so totally different. As I said I have done my coaching badge but at the moment I am enjoying playing. Once you stop playing you can never go back. Also there's a lot of unemployment in football. Big names out of work like Big Ron (Atkinson).

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ENGLISH FOOTBALL COMPARED TO EUROPEAN?

The top standard in this country is brilliant. The top lads are playing well and at pace. Years ago you would have one maybe two players with pace in your team. Now they have six, seven and even eight players with skill and speed. At the moment we have a good premiership. Italian football is more like a game of chess, a lot of thinking and that's what the fans like. I watch it sometimes but it bores me.

DO YOU THINK THE TOP PLAYERS ARE WORTH THEIR FEES AND WAGES OR CAN THAT AMOUNT OF MONEY LEAD TO PROBLEMS EXPERIENCED BY PAUL MERSON AND PETER SHILTON?

No, these are social problems, they happen to people in any walk of life, sport, music. Anywhere there's money those problems will arise and football's not immune to that. I was never talked to as a kid about drugs yet I find myself telling my 14 year old about drugs and glue sniffing. It's just come into the mainstream of society. We have to deal with it because it hits everywhere. It's certainly not a category of people who do it, anyone can.

DO YOU THINK THE PRESS ARE JUST HIGHLIGHTING PROBLEMS IN FOOTBALL AT THE MOMENT?

Yes, there are problems that need sorting out, it's just a shame the F.A. and governing bodies haven't done it and the papers have. We should get our own house in order first because the papers like to sensationalise it.



SEYMOUR'S SUPER FACTS



Hi there fact fans. Since my debut in the last issue The Adams Family's mail bag has been literarily bursting at the seams with letters of high praise for my column (ooer!), not to mention a whole host of requests from desperate people who need football arguments settling.

Over the festive period I have been able to reply to most of the letters personally but for those of you who I couldn't find time to write to, here are the facts you requested:

Fact 1: Hector Castro, who scored in the first World Cup final in 1930 only had one arm.

Fact 2: When Manchester United signed Hugh McLaren from Stockport County the transfer fee was three freezers full of ice cream.

Fact 3: In the 1920's Raith Rovers were shipwrecked while on a tour of the Canary Isles.

Fact 4: Alan Mullery had to miss England's 1964 tour of Brazil because he ricked his back while cleaning his teeth.

Fact 5: The Northampton cricketer 'Fanny' Walden scored six goals in an Olympic games match 1912.

Seymour's Competition++Seymour's Competition++

Not only do I spoil you with all this fascinating information I am also giving you lucky readers a chance to win a signed copy of my latest book "The Tea Bars Of The Scottish Highlands League. 1925-1975". To get your hands on a copy of this fact filled publication just ask the following simple question.

The referees whistle was first blown in a football match between Nottingham Forest and Sheffield Norfolk. In what year was this game played.

A: 1880

B: 1878

C: 1883

Write your answers on the back of a £20 note

"AUTO" MADNESS

TAMED BY THE SHREWS - BUT O'NEILL STAYS!

Upon seeing the draw for the auspicious Auto Windscreens Shield (note subtle sponsor/name change from last year), the last thing I envisaged doing was driving up to Gay Meadow of a Tuesday evening to watch a half-strength Wycombe team attempt to reach Round 3 of the competition.

Events the week before though, cascading right through to the Tuesday of the game, soon made it plainly apparent that this was possibly Martin's last ever game in charge for the Blues. "Let's go!", said I, "I'll come too", said another sentimental TAF journo, who like myself had been there at MON's first game in charge (a drab 1-1 draw at Merthyr before 1200 punters in pissing rain), and clearly wanted to be there at (potentially) his last.

Not having gone to last season's 1-0 league defeat in the heart of Shropshire, we weren't quite aware of just how far it was. "It's only a few miles NW of Brum", I mused.....if only - out in the sticks, practically in Wales was nearer the truth, and some crap programme directions (again) saw us arrive close to kick-off. Shrewsbury's pleasant 2nd division ground surely had more in it than the claimed 1700, 150 of which had trekked up from Wycombe.

Banter was indeed jovial in the fine away end at Gay Meadow, people scarcely wincing at the sound of Glyn Creaser's name in the line-up, nor upset at the fact that Chuck Mouss had (again) been left out of this high profile competition. One thing that certainly impressed though, was the multitude of press scribes and photographers, who huddled, flashed and scribbled away around the Wycombe dug-out like vultures at a carcass. Were Leicester about to take the hide of O'Neill, or would Ivor squeeze the club accountant for a few more bob, and persuade Martin that his heart lay in 'leafy Bucks.', as the press love to brand us? Having seen Leicester chairman Martin George spluttering on about Brian Little disgracefully handing in his cards and moving down the road, I realised that nobody with much sense would actually *want* to work with such a pompous old wazok. Just looking at this Ginger Cringe is enough to put you off your food for a day or two.

TV cameras meanwhile interviewed fans on the terrace at Shrewsbury and the general feeling was: "He didn't go to Norwich and they were doing well - why should he take over at the sinking ship of Filbert Street?" As it turned out, they were right - an announcement was made late morning on the following day, and Ivor was to be seen skipping out of Adams Park at lunchtime singing, "Oh yes, I'm the great Persuader" in his Larry Lurex outfit.

Oh, and the game? Players (as well as fans) seemed to be preoccupied with the whole managerial merry-go-fiasco, and quite forgot to try and win. With Bully and Paul Kerr up front, we didn't manage one shot on target. Hydey arsed up a cross to let them go one up, and it wasn't until 'Tiny Tim' and 'Tricky Tone' came on, that we threatened to break our duck. However, with full-time approaching, a cross from the right found another scampering Shrew with enough time to pick out a Shane Warne "mystery ball", and he tucked it home for 2-0. So, a poor game from our point-of-view and the Gaffer's future then still in the balance, but all this was made up for by the £3 entrance fee (take note WWFC - people might turn up for the B&B Cup if you charged a reasonable fare) on the terrace, and certainly the most comically unknowledgeable programme I have ever seen. Below is a fan's "Match Report" from the game earlier in the season. I admit the match wasn't a cracker, but this really is the most serious case of sour grapes I have ever witnessed, and I shall be passing his case on to Willy Proctor for prognosis. I certainly have no recognition of "300 Shrewsbury fans", or us "blowing for time 10 minutes early". In addition to this, the "Opposition Tonight" section will form the subject of a competition in a future issue, as it contains more cock-ups than a Tory economic policy.

With any luck, this will be our last season competing in the 'Happy Shopper Cup' (or whatever it's called next year) - we don't need these poxy cups anyway, now we can concentrate on the lea... (bang, bang!!) - AAAARRGGHH!!!

[Ed. - writer shot by the cliché police].

I have seen each of Town's three games with Wycombe Wanderers now and are still amazed why the Buckinghamshire club are so successful. It may just be that they don't play well against Shrewsbury because I haven't seen them produce anything to impress me yet and the frustrating thing of course is that they somehow chalked up a fortuitous three points to secure their first ever win against Town.

Shrewsbury, who didn't have one fit striker available, will still be wondering just how they lost to Martin O'Neill's highly fancied side who claimed the points courtesy of Cyrille Regis' 18th minute tap in after Paul Edwards failed to hold a Micky Bell header.

Town dominated the second half but just couldn't force the ball into the net for all their possession. Kevin Summerfield, who hit the bar at Adams Park last season, was closest to an equaliser lobbing just wide and then having his shot scrambled off the line.

The home supporters were blowing for time ten minutes early and were mightily relieved to hear the final whistle. They knew the better side on the night had lost and so did the 300 travelling Town fans.

• POST MATCH REACTION

Supporters Verdict: Mark Grice (of Sundorne, Shrewsbury) "It was a good spirited performance especially in the second half where we were in control and deserved at least a point".

DIARY

Beejezus! Where on earth do I start this months diary. Plenty has been going down on the streets of Wycombe in recent months, and yes, you the footballing public have been out and about spotting your Wanderers idols in this footballing mecca. Open the diary....

* TURKEY: Wycombe Wanderers answer to the Gladiators "Shadow", Steve Brown, was spotted buying his Christmas meat hamper from that mouldy van outside the Guild Hall in the High Street. Dont know what the butcher put in the meat but our Steve was certainly no turkey as he turned in some outstanding performances over the festive season.

* BUNFIGHT: Little did Steve know that his gaffer, M.O.N, was sharing a cappucino in that tranquil setting which is Carpenter's Court in the Octagon. However all was not so sweet as Martin was seen to be having a minor dispute with his wife. Who knows maybe she'd just found out that Martin had invited Alan Parry round for Christmas lunch.

* LAME DOG: A trip to the dogs at Wembley by a few of the TAF clan, saw a meeting with Wanderers wing-wizard Dave-the-rave-Carroll. Dave was apparantly there to see his uncle's hound running, and

suggested that we might benefit from a little flutter on "Runnymede Chief" (the dog in question). Bets were duly placed and you can imagine the horror on the faces when we saw this arthritic mutt come flying out of the traps. Needless to say it came last....or something.

* POP PICKERS: Cheesey ladies-man and would-be Brad Willis, Keith Ryan, and his smooth sidekick Simon "nice one mate" Hutchinson, were spotted in "Our Price" drooling over the latest Tina Turner box set, when all of a sudden Keith set his eyes on the latest Sade CD. "Oi Hutch", proclaimed the thinking womans crumpet, "this is bloody brilliant." However Simon wasn't really paying attention as he was too busy clearing the store out of "The Best Of.....Peter Cetera and Chicago".

* TEEN SPIRIT: Last but not least at the other end of the scale we had grunge kids Lee Turnbull and Gary Patterson downing beers in the Red Lion pub, Woburn Green. Young Gary had obviously settled in well since his move from Shrewsbury, as he was seen playing air guitar to Oasis' "Shakermaker". Come to think of it is Gary the 1st Wanderers player in recent history who doesn't like "Only Foo's and Horses" and the sweet soul of Luther Vandross.????

* Serious Stuff: Why, oh why do we get given a ticket at the turnstile after we've paid our money to get into a game? I've asked the gatekeepers but all they say is, "It's more junk to fill your pockets with". Apart from not being particularly ecologically friendly it's a damn waste of money. If the club didn't have to buy thousands of these tickets each week they could fund the proposed new stand on the Woodlands. If they must do it, at least they could print them on blue paper so we can rip it up and throw it in the air when the team comes out.

* FOR CHUCKS SAKE: Poor old Chuck Moussadik. Since the start of the Wanderers football league record, our Moroccan wonder has spent 87, yes 87, consecutive games on the bench. When people talk of loyal servants to the club, here is one of the finest. Go on Chuck you can cut this out and frame it to give to your mum.....you deserve it lad. I'm surprised you haven't suffered from piles yet.

* THE END: Finally, and on a more sinister note I'm sorry to add, did anyone see that mascot a few games ago. I could have sworn he was Fred West!!!!

— FIXTURE FARCE —

Adams Park has again fallen to the elements from hell which resulted in the Wrexham game being postponed. It strikes me that yet again we have the possibility of fixture congestion at the tail end of the season. Last years late schedule was a gruelling one for players and fans pockets, I suppose we should now be counting our lucky stars we're out the main cups. Winter offers many adverse weather conditions and it's not unusual to have one or more games called off.

Mr. Gardener does a tremendous job on the pitch compared to many I have seen live or on the box, but I'm sure he dreads a poor winter that could lead to excess work maintaining a pitch's quality for a late surge of home games in May. For this reason I ask the question, why when the autumn is lighter and the pitch fresh from a summer rest do we not play more evening games. It would surely be feasible to place three or four games set for the winter and spring nearer the start of the season when players are fitter, conditions ripier and sky lighter. This to me seems a logical answer and in theory would help fan,



A sodden pitch mucks everyone's schedule up.

club and player. We are told how much money the club loses through postponement so this should stop the threat of lost revenue. I realise that it is not up to Wycombe to set the fixture list but I'm sure recommendations could be made. A sodden pitch mucks everyone's schedule up.

STARDOM IN THEIR EYES

T.A.F has learned of several Wanderers players looking to broaden their horizons and try their hand at the art of TV and Cinema entertainment. The strongest rumour is that Micky Bell is about to accept a Hollywood call up from the current darling of Tinsel Town Quentin Tarantino. Tarantinos' interest in Bell started when he accidentally saw a clip of Bell in action against Blackpool and exclaimed "I have never seen such impulsive and gratuitous violence." "If you take the video clip of his fighting, turn it into black & white, chop off the top and bottom of the image and over dub a few F-words spoken rapidly in Italian accents, you'd have a work of modern cinema genius."

Bell is allegedly reading several Tarantino scripts (which shouldn't take long as they're all pretty much the same) including a big budget Karate/street fighting film along side the deadly Eric Cantona. Rumours are also abound as to Micky Bell's uncanny resemblance to Liam and Noel of top pop group Oasis. The brothers are famed not only for their music but also for their fist fighting skills, the whisper is that Bell is a cousin of theirs and honed his punching prowess whilst sparring with them.

Also awaiting to be a big hit on TV is our very own Steve Brown. He's set to stand in for injured Gladiator Shadow, the programmes' producers claimed they picked Brown because "he's rock 'ard and hopefully no-one will spot the difference between him and the awesome Shadow". Brown is said to be looking forward to "crushing the contestants' puny skulls with a giant cotton wool bud".

When we heard the news that Dave Carroll had turned down several offers to play the role of Jesus Christ on celluloid and snubbed many great film makers with the statement "Playing oneself is just so crass", we wondered what positions other Blues favourites may find in the "BIZ". Perhaps Terry Evans is the next Barrymore, smoothy Simon Stapleton an ideal choice for host of Supermarket Sweep, nut-case Keith Ryan a wacky "yoof" TV presenter like Terry Christian, Super Simon Garner a mafioso hardman in Godfather part 4, or even ex-Blues star Mark West as The Littlest Hobo.

It would appear that Adams Park is bursting at the seams with budding thespians, when the sequel to cult classic "Escape to Victory" is made film makers need look no further than Wycombe Wanderers.



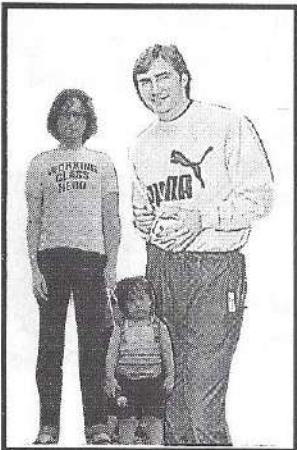
TERRY & CO.

At a recent Adams Family bash at the London Hilton I was talking to Eric Cantona when Terry Evans came over and started to converse with the French star in his own tongue. Although surprised I found out that Terry had known Eric for a number of years and indeed leads a life out of football in the circle of the high society, and has the pics to prove it. Below are some of Terry's favourite pictures and Terry himself takes you through each one with obvious fondness.

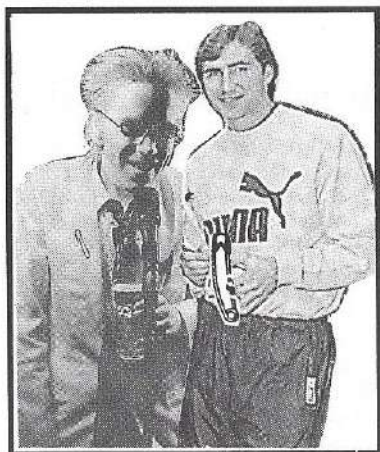


Cor blimey I remember this one. I was about 18 when I met Elvis and a little nervous, but he made me feel at total ease. I hadn't really hung out much then but we got on so well. It was late 76 and I was travelling in Texas. I was in a Dennys Diner when he just walked straight in. This was actually taken on his camera but he sent me the picture at once. It is important to say, Elvis never did drugs because winners don't.

Oh the memories, I really did like this bunch. This is one of the only pics I could use for this rag. It was taken on holiday in the West country. Benny was so funny, the girls cooked very well and always had the caravan clean and tidy.



I had known John through the Maharishi Yogi and we always kept in touch, that's why I was Sean's Godfather. John is sadly missed in the Evans household. We jammed occasionally and I like to think I inspired him a little. Yoko was strange but I just ignored her. Those rumours you still hear about John and I are all false but we were very close. Rest in peace John.



In 79 I went a bit off the rails and fell In love with punk. I still play those records and remember what I can. Johnny Rotton rung me up one night in a hell of a mood and asked me to pop over. When I got there he had caught a safety pin from his nose in his mohair jumper, I un hooked it for him and he cheered up. You can actually see the pin in my hand. We still meet and laugh about those times.

Paul and Johnny never really got on but I thought they were both alright. Paul's still big in the music biz and always asks my opinion. We spent late 79 watching gigs and writing together. Unfortunately I went a bit mad and damaged my knees pogo-ing too much. They have never been the same since and I now wear elasticated bandages to help. These were donated, one from Johny and one from Paul.



The biggest thing I had in common with Paul was politics. Ever since the Tories stopped free milk in schools' they lost my vote. Just think how Davey Carroll would now look like had he been given his daily pint. This picture was taken round at my gaff, just when Tony was deciding to run for Labour leadership. I advised him to run and it was I who announced that he would to the press. I was very honoured. Tony knows some great jokes about Margaret Thatcher but you will have to use your imagination. That's it from me so remember this, always keep a camera ready.

TRADING PLACES.....

with Simon and Cyrille

Now if there is one thing our legendary strikeforce is not famed for it's youth. Indeed if you weren't aware that Wycombe have obtained the leagues most elderly attack, you've obviously never read any national newspaper match report, or heard of the king of cliches, ITV's Mr. Gabriel Clarke.

Everyone is so busy pointing out stunning statistics such as, "If you add their ages together and feed them into a car speedo, you'd be breaking the speed limit!" that no-one seems to have thought about the other somewhat bizarre side to the partnership.

As we're all aware, the only thing Simes and Cyrille seem to have in common are a talent for football, their age (sorry) and a quatered blue shirt. You'd need a fairly vivid imagination to see Simon in the local Church serving the congregation a warming cup of tea after the service, or sharing a joke with a supporter of an opposing club. Likewise a vision of Cyrille chatting up the ladies in a beery nightclub whilst smoking 40 Rothmans doesn't spring readily to mind. (Not that we're suggesting that Mr. Garner does do that or anyone else connected with WWFC !!!).

Of course anything is possible with your 50p, inflation free, Adams Family, so sit back and read the diaries that may have been if Simon Garner and Cyrille Regis could TRADE PLACES.

SIMON'S DIARY:

Monday: "I don't know why I've agreed to do this. Normally I'd be out at the races or something like that, but today I'm helping at the over 65s "Drop-in" club at the local church hall. They've not been able to find me much to do yet, but some old boy has utilised my expertise at denture cleaning so I suppose I've made someone happy. I'm organising a day trip to the dogs for the old folks tomorrow. Davey Carroll's driving us to Cafford in the club minibus, at least there's a bar there!"

Tuesday: Well here we are at the track, Dave and myself have been trying to teach the oldsters how to understand the "Sporting Life" but it's just not gelling. One old girl has just asked me if the local vicar is coming down to give a talk on the dangers of gambling, lets hope not. The main ben-

eficiary of this trip is me. The church hall is a no smoking venue and every time I try to escape the vicar collars me and says, "Mr Garner, could you come and read some psalms to Mrs. Grimes". I wasn't far from cold turkey yesterday you know.

Wednesday: It just gets worse, I've just been to the local secondary school to give the kids a lecture on the value of healthy living for sportsmen. Now that's not the problem, I'm OK at a bit of lying, but I'd just reached the really moral bit where I tell the kids to just say no, when some smartarsed brat shouts out, "Mr. Garner, can I have your Marlboro packet when you've finished with it, I'm collecting for a zippo lighter." It's only poking out the top of my pocket, somehow I don't think the headmaster is too chuffed. No bar here either!

Thursday: Opened a charity shop today, I think it went quite well - until Simon Hutchinson turned up that is. Stropky little git told me in no uncertain terms that he was the clubs charity shop opener and it was very unselfish of me to have a first team place as well as nicking his charity work. You can't please some people.

Friday: God I'm knackered. I got taken to a health farm today. I always thought it was all lying around getting massages and stuff, but oh no. As soon as I walked through the door they pinched my fags, discovered my hipflask and placed me in front of a bowl of rabbit food. After this I was forced to do intensive circuit training under the guidance of an instructor called Mr. Sadist.

All it's done for me is give me a bad back and put me on the toilet for the last 3 hours, I'm told it's the bran!

CYRILLE'S DIARY:

Monday: I thought my days of clubbing were over but I've just covered for Simon by making a personal appearance at the Orchard. It was awful. Firstly I was forced to dance to "Lets all chant" by Pat and Mick, and then I had to do a signing session. I didn't think this would pose a problem but a young lady came up, exposed her chest and declared, "Sign here big boy". "I'm a married man", I cried but all to no avail. I'm really not enjoying myself.

Tuesday: Stayed in bed, diagnosed by the doctor as being in shock.

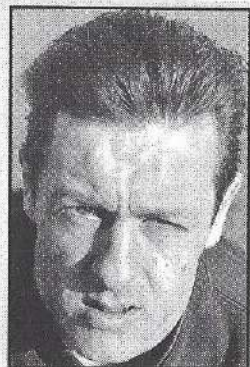
Wednesday: Taken to the bookies by friends of Simon's. I was amazed to see a man place his entire wage packet on a horse called Knackered Nag. Anyway, the horse was winning by a mile but just as it was about to reach the finish post the jockey inexplicably did a Klinsman and dived off. The man went absolutely beserk, screaming like a madman. I saw a chance to save a soul. "Brother, I hope this illustrates the folly of gambling". I don't remember much else.

Thursday: Woke up in hospital, 28 stitches and a broken arm.

Friday: Woke up again but somewhere else. There must be a mistake, this hospital has bars over the window and people are wearing boiler suits with arrows on them. I decided to ask the man next to me where I was. "Broadmoor mate" he said, "My names Ronnie and I'm from the east end." I told Ronnie that I wasn't staying and that I was only here because the local hospital was short of beds. He said that he wouldn't be leaving for quite some time because he was very ill. He then asked me if I could pick up a package from a locker at Kings Cross station and deliver it to his mother. I asked him what it was and he told me it was a mothers day present that he hadn't been able to deliver. Now I'm always willing to help a fellow citizen and agreed, "It'll be a pleasure Ronnie".

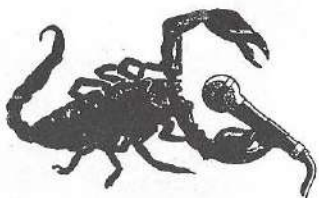
Saturday: Picked up the package and was grabbed from behind and handcuffed. "You have the right to remain silent....". It was the police. "But it's a friend's mothers day present" I cried. For some reason they just didn't believe me !!!!

The Adams Family would like to state that they do not qualify for Legal Aid and cannot afford even a crap solicitor, so please don't sue Plecease !



*Aye... I've certainly
had better weeks*

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NEW SIGNINGS

Martin O'Neill has recently shocked fans by revealing to 'Hello' magazine the advert he has been using to sign up new players. The Adams Family contacted Mr. O'Neill about these revelations and he stands firm on his advertising policy and states that although fans may be surprised, he has done it for them. "I signed Garner then Cyrille and everyone seemed pleased. It became obvious to me these old lads are what the public want and I intend to get a few more". Since this conversation Martin's chequebook has been in use again and below we have exclusive details of the new boys.



Shock of the season. Martin goes through the fine details on George Best's contract. "George is a player of some quality and has a record as long as his arm to impress any manager. It will benefit both team and fans if we all make George very welcome. He is an easily approached man and tells me if you see him at the bar don't be afraid to buy him a drink". Good one Martin.

Jason Cousins and Terry Evans stand with new star Icelandic international San-tac-lauss. The oldest member of the squad at 175 Martin still stands firm and says "this one's for the kids, they'll love him"



Situations Vacant

Footballers wanted, must look good in blue and have ambition. GSOH essential, non smokers preferred but not turned away.

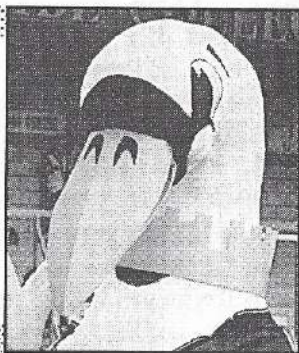
**We are an equal
opportunities employer.
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0499 326734

**THE AD THAT HAS
DISMAYED MANY
WANDERERS FANS**

Something is terribly wrong,
Oh farmer please pass me your gun,
A vision with webbed feet,
making child and man weep,

Bluey the Swan. Bluebard Winter/Spring 1995



As I was glancing through the WWFC catalogue pre season something shocking caught my eye. It was a "Bluey The Swan" T-shirt. It wasn't the T-shirt that worried me, it was the realisation that we now had a club mascot - Bluey. "Oh no " I thought "I know what's coming next". Sure enough on 1st October against SWANsea (ho ho!) "Bluey The Swan" was born.

Someone please explain to me what the point is in having some buffoon dressed up as a 7-foot bloated swan? I'm football mad but I didn't get into the game as a result of some mutated river fowl prancing round the pitch. What makes the Blues think that this "lovable" mascot is going to entice the youngsters of Chepping Wycombe to Adams Park?

Mark Austin appears to be extremely proud of Bluey and keeps claiming "The kids love it". No, they don't. Kids love free sweets and footballs, they don't give a monkey's knacker who's handing them out. Just witness the wave of apathy that sweeps the ground when the PA announcer requests "A warm welcome for Bluey". People can't even be arsed to muster a polite ripple of applause any more. I was always told not accept sweets from strangers. Wycombe are encouraging kids to take things from mutant creatures, surely there is something a bit dodgy there. Wouldn't it be a better idea to have injured players walk round the pitch with sweets. At least the kids know who they are and can fill up their WWFC

autograph books . Dave "Pie Man" Titterton seemed to be loving it when he accompanied Bluey on his first outing.

When we play away it struck me that Bluey has nothing to do. If we must have a mascot then why not find some use for it. Why doesn't Bluey travel on the team coach to away grounds. At half time the crowd could be thrilled with "It's A Knock-out" type games between Bluey and the opposition mascot. Similarly away teams could bring Ollie Ox, Bobby Bantam or whoever down to Adams Park. This would not only be top half time entertainment but it could serve a practical purpose. If two teams are joint top at the end of the season with identical goals scored and goal difference records, the league championship could be decided on which teams mascot managed to get the most wellies full of custard from one end of the pitch to the other.

Swans are very graceful, regal creatures. I don't think Bluey would look too good floating down the Thames in Windsor (unless he was floating face down a la Brian Jones of the Stones).

I have it on good authority from Thames Water that the reason cyanide was recently leaked into the River Wye was a sewage worker thought Bluey was on that stretch of the river.

I've seen Arsenal's "Gunnersaurus Rex" (witty name), Birmingham's "Blue-Nose" (a round blob of blue fur on legs!) and countless other cack club mascots. I've never thought, and I'm sure no kid would ever think, "I've got to support Arsenal, they've got a bent dinosaur in an Arsenal kit". The sad face of English football in the 1970's and 80's was hooliganism. The shame of the 90's is club mascots.

I just think it's a crying shame that swans don't migrate for the winter. Next time you see Elmer Fudd (not too likely I know) tell him swans are in season and invite him down to Adams Park with his shotgun.

Laboratories Simone Garnier

oi pal,

do you want to look like me. Yeah, of course you blurry well do. I'm Simon Garner, the most skilful player at Wycombe Wanderers, and in my spare time I don't hang around in boozers, drug dens or betting shops like my fellow pros, I'm busy marketing my new range of health products that have kept me looking fresh and feeling great for the last thirty-five years. "LABORATORIES SIMONE GARNIER" is the name of the company and here's some of the products that I'm currently marketing for the "man inside". That's right pal, men these days aren't called poofs if they slap on a bit of moisturiser or pamper their locks with a bit of mousse. Nay, this is the nineties lad.

1. Skin softener: Birds in the bar often come up to me and say, "oi Si, how come your skins sooooo smooth, if I didn't know you I'd think you were twenty one". This used to be an all too regular occurrence and I used to coyly tell them, "well duck, I guess it's just nature being kind to me". However now I'm happily wed I offer them an introductory package of my famous skin softener. I'd like to offer it to the general public too.

2. Leg wax (Various flavours): Ladies... you often wondered what that lovely smell is when I run onto the pitch? Aye, bet you have, and I can tell you it's my "berries of the wood" flavoured leg wax which is perfectly suitable for blokes too. Just smooth it into your legs and wash off, it's simple. My team-mate Simon Hutchinson even uses it to shave his legs, which isn't something I'd recommend but might be worth a try if you're that way inclined.

3. Perfumed deodorant: The best a bloke can get..... Have you ever seen me waving my hands in the air when a Stapleton or Hemmings through ball goes whizzing past me. I doubt that you have, but apparently I've been known to do it. People shout, "Garner stop moaning" but I'm not moaning at all, just checking out how fresh my pits are smelling.

4. After-match flannel and talc set: Aye, a mans not a man if he doesn't use talcum powder. I've been using it since I were a nipper and no-one's ever told me otherwise. This one comes in a special "gift-set" and contains a free football soap-on-a-rope. Get scrubbing.

5. Godfather gel: Right, well I get a lot of stick over this product because people say that I'm blowing mi' own trumpet 'cos I look like Al Pacino. However, this was a formula handed down to me by my real godfather the late Larry Grayson. It comes in a container the shape of a house, and when you've squeezed a bit out it goes, "Shut that door (you bastard)". That last bits mine, but it's all good stuff. So you want to get your mitts on my range of toiletries. No problem, just drop me a line down at the club, and I'll get my salesman Davey Titterton to come round and give you some testers. All the best.....



LABORATORIES S. GARNIER

DEAR IVOR

"Dear Ivor...." - your route to the top at WWFC.

For those of you unfortunate enough to miss out on last issue's rousing and controversial sack of *"Dear Ivor...."* mail (copies still available), you probably don't realise what a great channel this is to get your views and opinions of all good and bad at Adams Park to those who count. There's just one proviso - every gripe or groan must be accompanied by a "good idea", a remedy, if you will, to solve the conundrum. C'est simple, mes amis, non? Here's the best of this issue's selection.

"Dear Ivor, as a disgustingly wealthy local entrepreneur who likes to keep up with the exploits of Mr. O'Neill's association soccer stars, I find it deplorable that I have to sit out in the cold with the rest of the local riff-raff. To solve this major concern, I propose that you put to use some of your extensive network contacts in the building trade (I could get you a lunch appointment with Rocco Forte just like that!), and erect a five star hotel just behind the Woodland Terrace, where one could view the game in warmth and comfort. I expect prompt results, Mr. Beeks."

"Dear Ivor - how's it going? Do us a favour - get rid of those ridiculous tickets that we now get given upon entry into Adams Park each match. What purpose do they serve? We know what match we're at (hopefully), and most of us don't give a flying fig if we're the 883rd person to set foot onto the Valley End. So, preserve the rainforests and give us something useful instead (if the turnstile dweebs fell grossly underemployed), like a WWFC bookmark. Happy new year, Mr. Chairman!"

"Yo, Ivor....Pre-match is such a bore these days. OK, so working out what brain-addling drugs John Goldsworthy is on is always a bit of a challenge, but otherwise, listening to old men groan at the sight of Tony Hemmings warming up is not my idea of fun. How about some female mud-wrestling? Or for the ladies, the youth team performing a semi-naked dance routine to vibrant house music? Bye for now!"

"Dear Mr. Beeks - WHY, WHY, WHY?!? is all I ask these days; what am I on about? Kids bringing in stools to stand upon, that's what. Why is it that I am regularly evicted from the ground, nay town, and branded a Nazi if I'm caught with a harmless screwdriver or a pair of scissors in my pocket, but kids can bring in weighty stools which would cause permanent brain damage if lobbed at away fans? I have 2 suggestions to alleviate this problem: 1). The kids should learn some humility until they get taller - it's wanting for nothing that is "damaging the fabric of our society" as our leader Major says. 2). The fascist bully stewards should be allowed to exercise some of their authority by only letting kids occupy the front fence or first row of the terrace, thus giving them viewing access to the whole ground. Knew you'd understand!"

"Dear Ivor - Big a fan as I am of those hot sugary rings, I just cannot bring myself to buy anything from a stall called "Randy's Donuts". I'm sure he makes fine grub in reality, so give the man a creditable emporium inside the ground where he can sell his wares with pride, and call it "You Sweet Ring!", or something similarly apt."

"Dear Ivor....as a 35-year long member of AEGU - the All England Goaltenders Union, I must protest to the inane rantings of a certain sad individual on the Bucks Free Press terrace who persistently accuses the visiting custodian of being adept in the practice of child molestation and animal buggery. I have been observing the individual in question for some weeks, and intend to start litigation procedures very soon. In the meantime, Mr. Beeks, might I suggest that probably he is the "sex pest", and that you should "hang him"?"

WHATS THE SCORE ?

'MYSTIC MEG' SIGNS FOR TAF

Since the recent discovery of a 13th sign of the zodiac, Mystic Meg has become highly disillusioned with the whole clairvoyancy lark, and has been forced to stop publishing horoscopes and recipes in "Voodoo Monthly", while the whole parapsychic world gets its butt back in gear again. So TAF, in its biggest coup of the year to date, has secured the services of the creepy National Lottery guru herself on an issue-to-issue basis - a bit of freelance work to pay the bills, as it were. Let's see how close she gets.

Blackpool (H) 4-2-95. Orange and black were traditionally unlucky colours in pagan times of yore, therefore a victory seems unlikely. However, I saw 11 stars in the shape of a bell on the way back from the pub last night, so expect that nippy winger to spare your blushes. Score: D 1-1 (Bell).

Shrewsbury Town (A) 11-2-95. It is a little-known fact that Shropshire's county town lies at the crossing of 14 lay lines, so anything might bloody happen....however, I understand that the Blues were somewhat hard done by at Gay Meadow in 1994, so the just gods of retribution seem likely to intervene. The 14 is significant as a substitute will come on and score, I feel. Score: W 3-1 (Garner, Hemmings, Ryan).

Rotherham Utd. (H) 18-2-95. This date sees Pluto pass through Uranus (geddit, *your anus?* With a cartoon dog up it? Ha, ha!!) Ahem.....with this planetary upset, a state of mental incapability will pass over those travelling long distances, thus rendering them incapable of physical excesses. That magical lottery number 44

won't leave my head - perhaps the time of the only goal? Score: W 1-0 (Evans).

Cardiff City (A) 21-2-95. An unfortunate coincidence it is indeed that we play teams from foreign soil twice in a week, for it was in this month in 646 A.D. that a ritual slaughter of several hundred English took place in a South Wales forest, as part of a heathen winter festival. Despite a good start, Hydey will have a 'mare, and the Welsh shall be victorious. Score: L 2-3 (Regis , Carroll).

Swansea City (A) 25-2-95. As the clouds part before me in the crystal ball, I see an elegant white swan connected with good fortune - which quite clearly cannot possibly be 'Bluey', so a second Welsh victory looms I fear. Score: L 0-1.

Stockport County (H) 4-3-95. Meg has left to charge her psychic batteries up for a while, thus the TAF soothsayer will take over for March's matches. Without Preece and now Francis (our main tormentor in the first match), Stockport will lie down like the pussy cats we know they really are, and accept revenge graciously. Score: W 2-0 (Regis, Garner).

Bradford City (H) 7-3-95. After a good start to the season, Bradford have faltered of late. However, their strong away record will see the Blues succumb to a sloppy midweek performance, and give City the double over us. Score: L 1-2 (Carroll).

Bristol Rovers (A) 11-3-95. Twerton Park has typically been a happy hunting ground for Wycombe - with any luck Marcus Stewart will either have been transferred or got himself injured by the time we come to play them, but I can't see us getting any more than a low score draw against this in-form team, very strong at home. Score: D 1-1 (Thompson).

Birmingham City (H) 18-3-95. The big one! Expect a near capacity crowd at Adams Park to savour what will be *the* Endsleigh league match of the season - end to end soccer, flowing skills abound, sendings off and topsy-turvey score changes. 2 late goals will seal it for the Blues of Wycombe - expect Gabriel Clarke to moan that, " Such a shame there had to be a winner, but...." Score: W 4-2 (Garner [2], Brown, Ryan)

Brentford (A) 21-3-95. Our first league match with Brentford was a 7-goal thriller, as my memory serves me right, and this one won't disappoint either - unusually for Wycombe, the euphoria of the

Birmingham result will carry through to our next match. JC will be recalled to take penalties, with favourable results against his old club. Score: W 2-1 (Cousins [pen.], Garner).

Crewe Alexandra (H) 25-3-95. The sixth of our seven league matches in March sees us face Crewe, who have proved an unpredictable commodity this season. Any sight of Tony Hemmings starting the match will surely scare the crap out of them (if he plays like he did last season), so I predict a continuation of the winning run. Score: W 3-0 (Carroll, Regis, Bell).

Peterborough Utd. (H) 28-3-95. another midweek tussle faces the Blues, as the soaking winter takes its toll on fixtures. The 'Posh', as they are somewhat queerly known, seem to be one of those teams who you automatically assume will lie down and succumb to your superiority in all departments. However, a crippling injury spate will have stretched the Blues squad to its limits, so a "bore draw" seems the most likely bet, I'm afraid. Score: D 0-0.

" THEY LOVE A BIT OF IT ! "

Of course you the Wycombe supporting public have always known what a premier publication TAF is, but now even the national press are arriving at our doorstep bearing glad tidings and generally asking in a Des Lynam type manner "How do they do that ?"

This review of our tome appeared in footy mag "C'mon Ref" and we say thanks very much to them.* Hopefully you'll find our typewriter is now in focus as TAF now harnesses technology that will take us into the 21st century and beyond.....(Shut up you pompous prat....ed.)

* However C'mon Ref is not endorsed by TAF.

WYCOMBE WANDERERS' FANZINE



★ Poor	★★ Average
★★★ Good	★★★★ Excellent
★★★★★	Top of the Pops

I don't know why, but I'm always surprised when I see a fanzine by a team that's new in the league. I suppose it's because you only think of them having about 50 fans or so, so nobody would bother doing one. This had some good stuff in it - *Tales for the Bedroom* was ace - a tale of a young soccer player going for a trial, but his taste in music led to an argument with the driver (an ex-pro) who was taking him to the ground - thus ensuring he would never make it as a footballer. "If you don't like Mariah Carey, then you'll never play football, son!"

The article about stewards was also top notch. Some of the design wasn't too brilliant, in fact some of the pages hurt my bloody eyes. Your typewriter's not in focus! ★★★★★ (and a half) ... Boom Boom ...a-ha-ha!

Dr.

Willy

Proctor

*"For all your
medical needs"*



AM: Hiya, or should that be bye ya!!! You see this is my final column in the hallowed annals of TAF. Yes, I'm afraid to inform you that I'm moving onto pastures new. You see I have been invited to write a regular column for a new medical journal, an offer I can not refuse as science is an ever changing field. Unfortunately this will see the end of my footballing connections here at Wycombe. Don't think you've seen the last of me however...I'm still living in the town where I'm currently landlord to Wanderers Paul Hyde and Steve Brown. Steve has been a chum of mine for sometime and I recently gave him counselling when the team's boss wanted to sell him to Chesterfield, of all places! And have you seen him since these sessions...a different player I'm sure you'll agree. £70,000, more like £700,000 if you ask me. As for Paul, I got chatting to him in a recent physio session, after being introduced by David Jones, and we've been bosom buddies ever since! He too shares my passion for medical science (he tells me he was once a trained surgeon) and is useful around the house...a great guy. Also that flame haired winger Davey Carroll pops round from time to time. As you may or may not know, Dave is a former electrician. So when I have any electrical problems Dave brings round his toolkit and charges me a cheap rate for his services!

Anyhow I must be going, theres always work to be done and clients to visit. If you ever want to write to me for medical advice, send an sae to the TAF po box, where I'll try to reply or organise a home visit. Well what can I say except Bye!

Be good. Love as always..... WILLY

YOUR SHOUT..... no.1

YOUR SHOUT

1. "Ooh, must you really stand there dear."
2. "Oi mate, I've been here ages."
3. "Bloody hell, you friggin' beanpole."

Do any of the above sound familiar? Are you perchance over six feet tall? And having paid your money do you enter the ground where and what time you choose? Well join the club, friend! For the past ten weeks or so, whenever I enter a packed Adams Park terrace I get one of the above shouted at me.

There's the old dear with binoculars (1), the underdeveloped whinger (2), and the neanderthal man (3), and to be quite frank I've had more than my fair share of it. Listen here...I pay £6.50 and therefore I stand where I fancy, whenever the game kicks off. My height is all part of nature. Ok, So maybe I am a beanpole, then again you're undoubtedly a short-assed cretin. It's all swings and roundabouts pal, and I can offer you but two solutions.

(i) Put plain and simple.....MOVE

(ii) Get into the stand where height isn't an issue.

Now some of you readers might be thinking that I'm an inconsiderate lout, but let me tell you otherwise. I like cats and dogs, country walks and baking fancy cakes. However I don't like having to feel like I've just become best mates with Colin Stagg just because I'm vertically challenged. Indeed, plenty goes on on the terrace that I'm not an advocate of. I don't like people who haven't washed their "barnet" for a month standing in front of me. I don't like people screaming "***&%" into my ear every other minute. I hate the smell of rotting pipes and woodbines. I don't like a stringy bit of onion writhing in ketchup to fall onto my shoe. I don't like whinging old men, I don't like rascists and I don't like fools who whisper, "Whatever happened to that lad Mark West?" However I'll stand with these people week after week and let them get on with their sport. Please, please, please just let me get on with mine.